*Ophe.* I was the more deceiued.

*Ham.* Get thee a Nunry: why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proud, reuengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoghts to put them in, imagination to giue the ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crauling betweene Earth and Heauen? we are arrant Knaues, beliеue none of vs. Go thy waies to a Nunry, VVher's your father?

*Ophe.* At home my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doers be ſhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,
Farewell.

*Ophe.* O helpe him you ſweet Heauens.

*Ham.* If thou dooſt mary, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farwell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wiſemen know well enough what monſters you make of them: to a Nunry go, and quickly too, farwell.

*Ophe.* Heauenly powers reſtore him.

*Ham.* I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your ſelues another, you gig & amble, and you liſt you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonneſſe ignorance; go to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

*Ophe.* O what a noble mind is here othrowne!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholers, eie, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectation, and Roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all obſeruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuckt the hony of his Muſick vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſouereigne reaſon
Like ſweet bels iangled out of time, and harſh,
That vnmarcht forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extaſie. O wo is me
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene, ſee what I ſee. *Exit.*

*Enter*



*Enter King and Polonius*

*King.* Loue: his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus ſet downe: he ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute,
Haply the Seas, and Countries different,
With variable obiects ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke yon on't?

*Pol.* It ſhall doe well.
But yet do I beliеue the origen & comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You need not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſdome beſt ſhall thinke.

*King.* It ſhall be ſo,
Madnes in great ones muſt not vnmatcht go. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the Town-crier ſpoke my lines, nor do not ſaw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vſe al gently for in the very torrent tempeſt, & as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion you muſt acquire and beget a temperne, that may giue ſmoothneſſe, O it offends me to to the ſoule, to heare a robuſt